4 Mary Graham.

C.

THE MASQUERADE,

A Collection

of new

ENIGMAS, Logogriphs, Charades, REBUSSES,

Queries and Transpositions.

VOL. IV.

To be continued annually.

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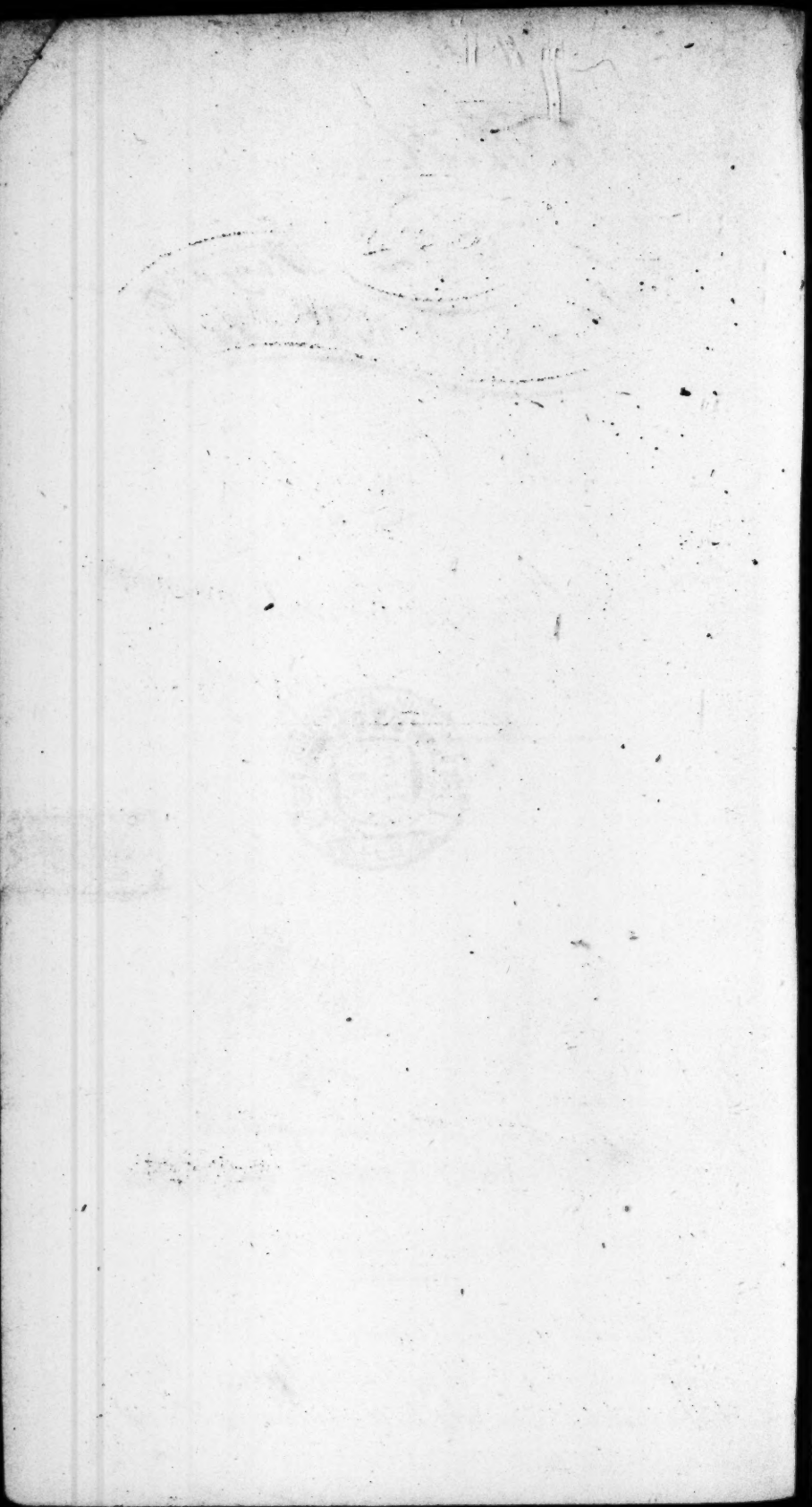

ADVERTISEMENT

TO VOL. IV.

THE eſtabliſhed reputation of the Maſquerade (ſufficiently proved by the extenſive ſale of its three former volumes) might ſeem to render a preface to the preſent almoſt unneceſſary.—The Editors invariably adhere to their firſt plan, of publiſhing none but original pieces; and therefore, on that head, they can have nothing new to ſay to the public.

But a circumſtance has lately ariſen, which they conceive it proper to lay before their friends, and eſpecially their Correſpondents; who, in this caſe, participate in the injury they have received.

Several of the annual pocket-books have made free to plunder the Maſquerade, without licenſe, and without acknowledgment. In one of theſe publi-

cations,

cations, in particular, we have detected no fewer than three *instances of this plagiarism; which are palmed upon the public, under fictitious signatures, as original productions.*

For proof of what we have asserted, the reader is referred to "The Ladies' Complete Pocket-Book, for the year 1800;" *page* 13 *of which work contains an* enigma, *extracted from the first* logogriph *of Vol. II. of the Masquerade, beginning at line* 7; *the solution of which is* Romance; *this is inserted under the feigned signature of* Arion. *Page* 14 *has an* enigma *taken from Vol. III. of the Masquerade, enigma* 7 (the Figures of a Puppet-Show); *with the name of* Thomas Tanner *affixed as the author. Page* 19 *has a* charade (childhood), *signed* Arion, *copied from Vol II., charade* 19, *of the Masquerade.*

We have been the more particular in pointing out the above instances, on account of the injury which the Masquerade may receive in the public opinion, should any one, without adverting to the dates *of* either *publication, think that the charge of* copying *attaches to this work.*

While

While we vindicate our right to enjoy the benefit of thoſe compoſitions which the liberality of our various Correſpondents has made our own,—we by no means wiſh to forbid their being fairly *and* honorably *copied by other publications. We do not object to this, if the obligation be but acknowledged. But we are at the ſame time determined to uſe diligence in detecting deceptions like thoſe we have juſt ſtated; ſince to expoſe them to public notice, is but what we owe to our friends and to ourſelves.*

With ſincere acknowledgments to thoſe whoſe favors appear in the preſent volume, we preſs upon them, and upon all our friends, a continuance of their Communications, to aſſiſt in keeping up the reſpectability of a Publication, which is already ſo greatly indebted to their exertions.

Communications for the next volume may be addreſſed to Mr. T. Baker, *Printer, Southampton; before the Firſt of November,* 1800.

SOUTHAMPTON:
JAN. 1, 1800.

ERRATA.

p. 39, l. 1, read *head;*
p. 47, l. 1, for *callous*, read *callow.*

THE

MASQUERADE, &c.

ENIGMAS.

I.

WHEN the Great Teacher, ſent from God,
Firſt ſpread his heavenly truth abroad,
The beſt of benefits to man,
Reſulted from the ſacred plan;
The wounded conſcience found relief,
And happineſs ſucceeded grief;
Each precept iſſued from above,
Received the reverence of love;
Chriſtians obey'd with willing mind,
And ſerved their Lord,—for he was kind.

Not long without a cloud, the day
Shone with ſo bright and fair a ray;
Error's dark miſts, with haſty riſe,
Began to ſully all the ſkies.

Humble, at firſt, my head I rear'd,
By ſuperſtitious tribes revered;
And Egypt, in her deſerts rude,
Beheld a growing multitude,
Within my walls, intent to hide
From mortal pomp, and worldly pride.

But Libya's ſands, and Egypt's plain
(Where ſtill my mouldering walls remain),
Were not the limits of my reign;
All Chriſtendom my viſits hail'd,
And far and wide my power prevail'd;
Now princes taught my walls to riſe,
And lift their turrets to the ſkies.

At firſt my inmates ſtrove to gain
Applauſe from ſelf-inflicted pain;
Of every ſocial joy debarr'd,
Coarſe was their fare, their bed was hard;
Silent their liſtleſs hours they paſs'd;
Their life a long and rigid faſt;

At

At midnight, from their ſhort repoſe,
To tedious ſervices they roſe;
And, quite miſtaking all the plan
Of God's benevolence to man,
With blind and fooliſh zeal inſpired,
Served him with rites he ne'er required;
Forgot religion's active part,
And dealt in forms, without the heart.

Soft beauty was my frequent prey;
I hid the maiden from the day.
Full oft parental rigor gave
To me, as to an early grave,
The hapleſs daughter, doom'd to prove
My hopeleſs haunts the cure of love.
Oft, while the awful aile ſhe trod,
And ſeem'd devoted to her God,—
Oft, while the dulcet voice of praiſe,
To liſtening heaven ſhe ſeem'd to raiſe,—
To mortal love, her heart, engaged,
Still wander'd, as the paſſion raged.
Think not, ye dreamers, that the chain
Of ſtern compulſion can reſtrain
The motions of the free-born breaſt,
Or force the ſtruggling heart to reſt:
He that can pinion down the mind,
May forge a fetter for the wind.

Tho' poverty at firſt was mine,
Behold me ſoon with riches ſhine:
Fair lands I own, and tenements,
And my purſe ſwells with ample rents;
Princes and peers my wealth increaſe,
And buy my prayers, to ſin in peace.

And now, conceal'd from worldly eyes,
My children, crafty, ſly, and wife,
Give up the dull and cheerleſs faſt,
For the full bowl, and high repaſt;
And, with hypocriſy's fair cloak,
Cheating the crowd, enjoy the joke;
Stroke their ſleek faces, and, in ſleeve,
Laugh at the dotards who believe.
Tho' the bell calls to midnight prayer,
None of my jovial ſons are there;
For, if the world can hear the bell,
And think them pious,—all is well.

Thus, for long ages, o'er mankind,
Powerful I held an empire blind:
Dim was the light that ſcience ſhed
Around my dark and rayleſs head;
Yet all the ſcience Europe knew,
In my retreats was foſter'd too.

Heedleſs

Heedleſs of wiſdom's ſacred page,
My children, in a barbarous age,
With Fancy's pencil ſtrove to draw
Long tales of ſaints they never ſaw;
Dunſtan the Brave for theme they choſe,
Who took old Satan by the noſe;
Or told of hermits great and good,
Who hoſts of demons had withſtood:—
The wondering crowd the tale received,
And all but heretics believed.

O'er multitudes my children reign'd,
Who ſwallow'd down whate'er they feign'd;
Till from the North a light aroſe,
Form'd all their falſehoods to expoſe;
And from that inauſpicious hour,
Dates the declenſion of my power.

From Britain I've been long expell'd,
And there am in abhorrence held;
From France but lately I'm diſcarded;
In Portugal I'm ſtill regarded;
In Spain I'm cheriſh'd; there, my ſons,
Society's dull, ſluggiſh drones,
Still blind the mob, and pick their purſes,
Sell pardons, but *give gratis* curſes:

My daughters, from the world remote,
Cheat the dull hours with muſic's note,
Or bid the nimble needle trace
The mazes of the ſnowy lace;
No ſocial joys, no tender care
Of happy wedlock, do they ſhare;
No riſing offſpring, round their board,
Pledges of honeſt love afford.

Modern romance, in fabling page,
Revives the horrors of my age;
Tells how my diſmal caves detain
Fair ſuffering maids, in ceaſeleſs pain;
And ſtocks my ſepulchres with hoſts
Of ſpectres dread, and ſtalking ghoſts.

II.

SINCE riddles are ſo much in vogue,
My fancy needs muſt play the rogue;
And make you ſearch the latent truth,
Through thoughts and rhymes alike uncouth.
Firſt to old warriors you may go;
From them, perhaps, my name you'll know;

Tho'

Tho' they may diſavow my aid;
For I have many a hero made,
Who, ſtript of my all-ſaving art,
I fear had play'd the coward's part.
But here, tho' you may learn my name,
They will not tell you what I am;
Nor knew theſe heroes, that I ſpeak of,
The ſubject that I mean to treat of.
I firſt was known, as ſtory ſays,
About the gay king Charles's days;
A humble creature was my ſire,
Who, 'croſs the country, trudged in mire,
But in long journies (for his fate
Forced him to travel, ſoon and late),
He rode, and faced whate'er ill weather,
Clad in a coat of baize or leather:
But things improved, as times ran on,
And then I drove my chaiſe and one,
Till luxury advancing more,
I now enjoy my coach and four,
And ſtill to make myſelf more great,
I give a livery of ſtate:
And muſic oft attends my way,
Whether I travel night or day.
O! ſhould I tell you half the ſchemes,
I raiſe and blaſt,—the idle dreams,—

The

The fear that chills,—the hope that burns,—
Between my goings and returns,—
I ne'er ſhould end the tedious ſong,
Which you already think too long.

III.

MY nature's various as my form;
Now framed by Him who rules the ſtorm;
Sometimes the ſea, and ſometimes earth,
With good pretenſions claims my birth:
But now, my pompous ſtrain to drop,
I'm faſhion'd in a workman's ſhop.
Faſt on the rocks, or ſea-beat ſhores,
The curious eye my haunts explores;
Beneath "the green and glaſſy ſea,"
Where rocks and "pearly treaſures be."
I'm found amid dim ocean's caves,
Inhabitant of briny waves;
And tenements of beauteous mould,
My various ſpecimens unfold.
The nat'raliſt ſurveys me o'er,
And adds me to his valued ſtore,
Yet, as a leſſon to my pride,
I every day am thrown aſide;

Tho',

Tho', form'd with nice and ſkilful care,
Concealing what is ſweet and rare,
I frequently ſupply your board,
And wholeſome nouriſhment afford.
In medicine too my aid I lend,
In time of need a real friend.
The garden with my nature ſuits,
Companion of the flowers and fruits;
As ſerves my turn, to them I ſhow
The quality of friend or foe;
Sometimes I help to keep them warm,
Or ſhield their embryo young from harm;
At others, when a danger's nigh,
Give ſhelter to their enemy.
Again, I grace the favor'd ſpot,
And furniſh, now, the lonely grot.
My beauties to diſplay, the fair,
With taſte, beſtow ingenious care:
Now in old cabinets I hide;—
Am now the chimney-piece's pride:
But to the houſe of mourning go,
Where ſorrowing friends, diſſolved in woe,
Around the bed of recent death,
Deplore the juſt departing breath:
There, when I diſmally appear,
I draw afreſh the ready tear.

But

But hold,—from mournful ſcenes I fly;
On Fancy's pinions mount the ſky,
Where angels hymn their Maker's praiſe,
I join the loud harmonious lays;
Or with the airy nymph abide,
Who ſprings from out the flowing tide.

IV.

YE wits in maſk, your critic ſnarling ſpare,
Whilſt I deſcribe the various forms I wear,
And from pure modeſty aſſume diſguiſe,
Leſt, wanting dreſs, I might offend your eyes;
For tho' I frequently am beauteous ſeen,
Array'd in blue or yellow, or in green;
Or elſe, perchance, in gold or ſilver ſhine,
Enrich'd with jewels from Golconda's mine,—
I often am ſo ugly, rough, uncouth,
You'd think I never could be render'd ſmooth.
But hold,—I'm running on by much too faſt,—
Deſcribing firſt, what ſhould be kept till laſt:
For birth and parentage ſhould dreſs precede;
I'll therefore, in due order, now proceed.
My mother earth lent all her foſtering care,
Till father art reſolved her labors ſhare;

To

To him ſhe willingly the taſk reſign'd,
And to his charge my tender limbs conſign'd;
Well knowing all reſiſtance muſt be vain,
Since art o'er nature has uſurp'd the reign;
And that the only form ſhe e'er could give,
Was of a tree, and thus to bid me live.
No longer, then, a ſimple tree I ſtand,
But, ranging through the world, appear quite grand,
And, fond of maſquerading all my days,
Take each new ſemblance faſhion there diſplays,
Of man, or beaſt, or bird (as whim ſhall lead),
Or egg all ſnowy white, or book to read;
Of fruits ſo tempting nature might be vain;
Of veſſel light which plows the watery main;
Or one that's often in a dungeon pent;
Or metal that records ſome great event.
All theſe I am; and every ſhape he draws,
Who forms his work by mathematic laws:
Then, as for ſize, I'm each you e'er can meet,
'Tween ſilver penny, and the ſnug retreat,
Where friends retire their ſocial hours to ſpend,
And ſolid pleaſure with amuſement blend;
Or where gay faſhion leads the world of taſte;
And loungers go, their heavy hours to waſte.

E'en

E'en gameſters love me, nor diſown my power,
Their hopes to raiſe, or make their viſage lower.
No more I now can prudently reveal,
Leſt you ſhould think hard knocks I wiſh to deal.

V.

WRAPT up in darkeſt myſtery,
My form ſhall no man ever ſee;
None e'er has ſeen, tho' all around
I fill the ſky, and ſweep the ground;
Oft with his perſon rudely play,
And make him feel my potent ſway.
If on the main his veſſels ride,
He dreads my influence o'er the tide;
Should riſing flames his home invade,
The miſchief I am ſure to aid.
Yet, tho' men own and fear my powers,
They ſeek me in my gentler hours.
None knows how oft 'tis aſk'd and told,
Where now my reſidence I hold;
Tenant, by turns, of every place,
O'er the whole earth's extenſive face.
Without me, this capacious ball
Were darkneſs and confuſion, all;

No

No muſic from the dulcet flute,
Could e'er again the ear ſalute;
No more the "pealing organ's" ſound
Could roll "the note of praiſe" around;
The radiant ſun-beams, from on high,
No more could cheer and bleſs the eye;
But ſudden, univerſal death
Would ſtrike each heart, and ſtop each breath.

VI.

I AM no monarch, but am ſuperior to all of them, except the Pope; I have no noble blood in my veins, yet the meaneſt of my family has precedence before the heads of others; I wear no ſword, but in my evening walks often meet and beat thoſe that do; indeed, I have fought more battles, and gained more victories, than all the conquerors and heroes recorded in hiſtory, from the beginning of the world. Sometimes my army has been defeated; yet in that part of the action where I fought myſelf, the enemy has always ſubmitted; when I carried off my priſoners under an armed band, dreſſed in the French uniform, and ſometimes adorned with gold and

precious ſtones, to an apartment where no eye was ever ſuffered to intrude. Perhaps you will think me a ghoſt, or at leaſt a conjurer, if I tell you that to-day I am in a thouſand places at once, and to-morrow (as far as you know) I am no where; now I am in a room, ſoon after I am not there; again I appear, yet the doors and windows are all ſhut. With all this dignity, valor, and addreſs, 'tis no wonder, if, like other military beaux, I am a great favorite with the ladies; as ſoon as they ſee me, they embrace me with delight, but are very cautious of keeping our connexion a profound ſecret; yet ſuch is the capriciouſneſs of the ſex, that in a little time they diſcover it themſelves, and part with me, with as much pleaſure as they met me. However, this ſeparation is no diſgrace; for they hope to have me again, and count me their higheſt honor: ſhould I decline viſiting them for a whole night, even the proudeſt heart would be diſcompoſed; and the more violent and indiſcreet would utter their diſpleaſure in complaints to their neighbours: but this attachment is no wonder, for, like themſelves, my countenance is ſometimes a lively mixture of the lily and the roſe; like them, too, I am changeable, and, in the ſpace

of

of a few minutes, grow black in the face; yet my conſequence is not leſſened, but ſometimes increaſed; and, in a little time, I often reſume my former complexion.

It may be ſome advantage to me with the ladies, that I ſometimes reſemble that part of their dreſs, of which they are moſt vain; and, at other times, that part, the obtaining of which is the end for which they dreſs, and the object of their wiſhes. Let theſe ladies look to their own boſoms to diſcover me.

VII.

SANS head, ſans arms, ſans legs, a monſter came;
A meagre trunk and tail compoſe my frame:
My back is ſmooth, to conſtant toil inured;
By coat of mail my foreparts are ſecured;
My hide a harveſt bears of briſtling iron;
Such, Wantley, did thy dragon erſt environ.
Yet, furniſh'd with this terrible array,
I with no foreign foe maintain the fray.
The Fates, to me, one only brother give,
With whom, in civil diſcord, ſtill I live;
By mutual theft we on each other prey,
In mutual ſkirmiſhes conſume the day:

But, by our quarrels, Albion's ſtores increaſe,
Which ſink exhauſted when we are at peace:
Albion muſt now this mournful truth confeſs,
Till George's counſels ſhall her woes redreſs,
Subdue the wayward pride of haughty Spain,
And bid our merchants ſafely plough the main;
To vend my labors on each diſtant ſhore,
For Europe's product, and for India's ore.
Albion ſhall then revive, nor envy Greece,
Her boaſted Argo, nor her golden fleece.

VIII.

A WONDER, ſure, am I, in nature;
For tho' no living, moving creature,
Yet am I not a ſtock, or ſtone;
I've neither blood, nor fleſh, nor bone:
In air, in ſea, and on the earth,
To living thouſands I give birth;
Yet for myſelf I cannot claim
Of active life the ſimple name.
My parent, truly, has the power,
O'er ocean and o'er earth to ſcour;
But I, where'er produced, remain
Unconſcious or of joy or pain.

Man's

Man's foot would cruſh me, or the boy.
My tender organs ſoon deſtroy,
But that my mother, kind and wiſe,
Conceals me from their prying eyes.
Yet, tho' ſhe keeps me from the air,
And watches me with ceaſeleſs care,
No fond returns of love I pay;
If ſhe will cheriſh me, ſhe may;
I care not half a ſtraw about it,
Altho' quite ſure to die, without it.
Yet none of this my dam offends,
Still my cold form ſhe warms and tends,
Till, in due time, I bear another,
Unlike to me as I to mother.
My offspring proves my own undoing,
For now I'm given up to ruin,
Spurn'd by the child myſelf brought forth,
And thrown away as nothing worth.

If, in my haunt, where ſnug I lie,
I'm found by man's exploring eye,
With ſtern and rigid reſolution,
He haſtens on my diſſolution,
On my contents reſolves to dine,
Or drowns me in a pipe of wine.

IX.

I NEITHER hands nor feet command,
But, where I'm placed, contented ſtand;
And, ſhould I meet a rude remove,
My laſt it ſeldom fails to prove.
My ſhape is various, never fine,
Yet all muſt own it form'd to ſhine;
And thoſe who pleaſe may ſee my heart,
Unmaſk'd and undiſguiſed by art.
My mouth is round, and ſtands at top,
Which Pity's voice calls loud to ſtop;
For, open, I have cauſe to fear
A cruel tyrant, ſtation'd near,
That preys upon my vital blood,
And ſucks it up, for common food,
Diſgorging it again, to ſtain
A boſom pure, but pure in vain.
More lights are needleſs, here you'll ſee
Sufficient veſtiges of me.

X.

YE lovely nymphs, whoſe lively wit can trace
The artful mazes of each doubtful caſe,

And,

And, deeply verſed in Œdipean lore,
Can each enigma's dark receſs explore.
Slightly diſguiſed, behold, a friend appears,
The ſchool companion of your early years;
A faithful ſlave, nor deem my boaſting vain,
To ſay you've few more uſeful in your train:
Confined to no one character in life,
Alike I aid the widow, maid, and wife.
The prudent virgin and the wedded dame,
Who ſeek not happineſs in noiſy fame,
But wiſely to domeſtic cares attend,
Still find in me a uſeful, valued friend.
Far from the bright aſſemblies of the gay,
Deprived of opera, maſquerade, or play,
'Mid winter's glooms, the fair with pleaſure eyes
The bluſhing roſe or gay carnation riſe;
For I on ſnowy lawns can trace each flower,
That blooming graced gay ſummer's happier hour.

But oft leſs pleaſing ſcenes demand my care;
With poverty the toilſome taſk I ſhare;
Condemn'd to traverſe Britiſh lawns no more,
With a new miſtreſs I new realms explore;
'Mid the ſtout Iriſh by her arm I'm led,
And make a ſhift to earn her ſcanty bread,

Till

Till blind, perhaps, and bent with toil and age,
In ſuch hard labors I no more engage;
Thrown uſeleſs by, I ſhare the common lot,
Myſelf unmourn'd, my ſervices forgot.
Ah! ſure, ye fair, more gratitude is due
To one who does ſo much to pleaſure you.
You'll ſay that oft your precious blood I ſpill;
But, ladies, if I wound, I do not kill.
Tho' you, perhaps, may hold the legend true,
Which ſays a maid of honor once I ſlew;
And this misfortune may the cauſe explain,
Why high-born belles oft treat me with diſdain:
But tho' the toniſh fair my uſe may ſcorn,
Yet ſtill I help their perſons to adorn;
For, truſt me, ſcarce a part of female dreſs,
But ſome way does my wonderous power confeſs.

More might be ſaid to celebrate my fame,
But long ere this you've ſurely hit my name;
And think, perhaps, that time would better be
Employ'd in uſing, than in praiſing me.

XI.

XI.

A DEUX choſes bien differentes un même nom convient. Le nom s'il faut trouver ſans le ſecours des remarques ſuivantes, pourroit, lecteur, te faire trop rever; et pour te faciliter ce que je propoſe, je te dirai, que l'un de ces choſes s'exprime en genre maſculin, et l'autre en genre feminin; l'un eſt toujours gracieux, aimable, promet un accueil favorable, et ſe produit tres volontiers; l'autre eſt toujours tenebreuſe, timide, inquiete, et ombrageuſe, et s'affarouche au moindre bruit: chez un roi, l'un vaut un grace; l'autre toujours trouble, tracaſſe, et ravage partout où ſon corps peut paſſer. Enfin, l'un eſt toujours un gâte-menage de l'amour et de l'amitié, mais un moment auſſi ſuffit pour l'effacer.

XII.

HOMMES, tyrans cruels,
D'ou vous vient contre moi cette rage implacable?
Moi, votre bienfaiteur! comment, ingrats mortels,
Ai-je pu m'attirer le malheur qui m'accable?

Vit

Vit on jamais tourmens moins mérités?
Souffrez, ſouffrez du moins, gens barbare et
cruelle,
Que je trace à vos yeux, de vos atrocités
Contre ma race et moi, le tableau trop fidèle;
De ma mère d'abord vous déchirez le ſein;
Bientôt, le fer en main,
Vous mutilez mon père, inſenſible à ſes larmes;
Mais nul de ces tourmens n'eſt comparable aux
miens;
Malgré mes trop juſtes alarmes,
J'ignorois le ſupplice où j'étois attendu.—
Excés de cruauté contraire à la nature!
Mit-on jamais à la torture
Celui que l'on a vu pendu?

LOGO-

LOGOGRIPHS.

I.

ENIGMATISTS, to you I firſt addreſs
The lines which will my name at length expreſs.
But if my birth and properties you'd trace,
You muſt, like Shakeſpeare, change both time and place;
For tho', by art of man, I'm form'd to day
(Who, like the potter, moulds my infant clay),
'Fore Adam was, I into being came,
And ſhall, from age to age, endure the fame;
I'm alſo ſeen from animals to riſe,
Without the aid of reaſoning man's device;
Of temper pliant, taſte divinely ſweet,
With pleaſure I ſometimes the ſenſes greet;
Then hard and ſoft, or ſalt and bitter too;
Now hot, now cold, like whimſies of a ſhrew;
Of that famed power, an emblem I preſent,
To find out which philoſophers are bent:

For

For riſing, falling, jerking, ſtill I move,
And, running faſt or ſlow, the axiom prove.
This one hint more, and then I've run my courſe,
Of every thing in nature I'm the ſource.
Ye logogriphic ſurgeons now attend;
To this, my lecture, due attention lend;
And while your thoughts I to diſſection turn,
All other ſcientific labors ſpurn.

A title which a king once gave in joke;
A look which frequently doth wrath provoke;
A figurative word in conſtant uſe;
And one whoſe folly will contempt produce;
What's frequently ſeen dipt in human gore;
A method by which froſt afflicts us ſore;
A creature that does various meats ſupply;
A word that may all other words imply;
What frail mortality is prone to do;
And that by which we ſeparate things in two;
That which exiſtence always muſt denote;
To what's freſh dreſs'd, we the next word devote;
What ſmall in quantity muſt always be;
What forms a part of every ſhrub or tree;
A common liquor that's renown'd for ſtrength;
To draw out things to an unpleaſant length;

A term

A term for lacerate we ſometimes chooſe;
And what announces good or doleful news.
Now, my dear pupils, I've no more to ſay,
Except that, by reciting this my lay,
The laſt of nineteen fragments I diſplay.

II.

SANS la mer, les ruiſſeaux, les lacs, et la rivière,
Lecteur, je n'exiſterois pas;
J'ai ſouvent ſauvé du trépas
Des malheureux réduits à leur heure dernière,
Témoin le Prophéte Jonas.
Dans les ſix pieds qui forment mon partage:—
A peu-près voici mon avoir.
Savoir:
Un oiſeau qui ne fut pas ſage,
Lorſque, pour paroitre plus beau,
Il ſe revêtit du plumage
D'un autre oiſeau;
Un ennemi de mélancolie;
Un coteau renommée par ſon vin pétillant;
Une mortelle frénéſie;
Un grivois qui va vacillant;

Un ſynonyme de mon être;
Une ſuite d'inſtans trop courts,
Entre celui qui te vit naitre,
Hélas! et la fin de tes jours;
Un mouvement d'impatience,
Qui te ſaiſit quand on t'offence;
Un partiſan de la véracité;
Un gibier d'aſſez bon eſpèce,
Qui vient à la fin de l'été;
Un poiſſon renommé par ſa délicateſſe;
Ce qui d'un chanſon fait ſouvent tout le prix;
Un fléau deſtructeur des fruits;
Ce que ſur ſon ſiège eſt un juge;
Ce que belle dame à trente ans
Ne dit jamais ſans ſubterfuge;
Une racine enfin que l'on mange en printems.

CHARADES.

I.

EARTH turns upon my mighty firſt,
Yet ſcarce ſix yards doth it contain,
By village maids with flowers adorn'd,
When Spring leads on her ſmiling train.

My ſecond on your hearth reclines,
Or from your hand receives its food;
Yet oft amidſt the navy's ſeen
To drink the ſailor's ſtreaming blood.

My whole abounds, where Ruſſian Kate
Three owners for a kingdom found;
Famed to a proverb for its ſtench,
It ſcents the neighbourhood around.

II.

MALIGNANT me,
You ſoon may ſee,
Aud thus my firſt find out:
An inſect then,
I'd have you ken,
My ſecond 'tis, no doubt.

Theſe two unite,
In band ſo tight,
They'll name a man that's ſtout,
In ſhape and air,
So debonair,
You'll ſee him at each rout.

III.

A BEAST my firſt will name:
My ſecond is the ſame:
My third is never out:
My fourth you've done, no doubt:
Combine theſe four in one,
They name a crime that's done
By villains ſore accurſt,
Of all mankind the worſt.

IV.

IV.

1.

WHETHER a mountain or a tart,
A kingdom or a bullock's heart,
Into four equal parts you break,
For one of them my claim I make;
I am a region of the ſky;
And yet in me do ſoldiers lie;
The conqueror gives me to his foe;
And I'm eight buſhels, you muſt know.

2.

Never, ſince time his race began,
Have I been ſeen at night by man;
My preſence, ſtronger than the law,
Oft keeps the crafty thief in awe.

3.

Through all the nation am I known,
By many dreaded, I muſt own;
Yet not a few my preſence greet,
Eager my riſing morn to meet;
Four times within a twelvemonth's ſpace,
I ſhow the world my well-known face;
There's as much clutter to receive me,
As if I were a king, believe me;

Painting, removing, waſhing, rubbing,
Mending, and furniſhing, and ſcrubbing;
Yet, I, ungrateful, ſeldom fail
To turn ſome dozens into gaol.

V.

MY firſt your ſleepy head attends:
My ſecond names your neareſt friends:
My whole's oft at your fingers' ends.

VI.

MY firſt once brandiſh'd Edward's ſword,
In Poictier's fields, on Creſſy's plains:
My ſecond's a dividing word,
Which ſtill implies that part remains.

Let thoſe be join'd, like man and wife
(Oh! Anna, were that omen true),
With any knight I'd wage my life,
My whole belongs to you.

VII.

VII.

VINDICTIVE fury is my firſt:
And ſolid earth my ſecond:
My whole, by Britain never ſeen,
Is Britain's ſiſter reckon'd.

VIII.

IF you're honeſt and true, without guilt and art,
My firſt you may fairly be reckon'd:
And if you are curſt with a cold, harden'd heart,
You muſt be compared to my ſecond.

My whole's moſtly blind; or, if it has eyes,
We bind a broad fillet before 'em;
Yet ſometimes it ſeems, and looks, very wiſe,
And ſolemn as one of the quorum.

IX.

MY firſt is admired among beaſts, and deſpicable amongſt men: my ſecond is one whoſe family clothes half the world: my whole is generally about the perſons of people of faſhion, and yet has always a ſtiffneſs not eaſily worn off.

X.

X.

Addreſſed to a Lady as a Valentine.

LEST you ſhould think, dear girl, for you my
fond regard
No farther than my firſt extends, I ſend this card:
Tho' to my eyes moſt dear my ſecond prove,
For you more dear, and ſtronger, is my love:
Sleeping or waking, you are my delight:
My whole is nothing worth, but in the night.

XI.

SWEET are the thoughts my firſt inſpires:
My ſecond takes from joy or woe:
From all delights my third retires
(Sad deſtiny), nor eaſe can know.

XII.

MY firſt is one whoſe clothes are taken off but once a year: my ſecond is imperfect, unleſs joined to ſomething like itſelf: and my whole is the defence of a city.

XIII.

XIII.

MY firſt unites the happy pair:
The next flies ſwiftly through the air,
Or murmurs in the grove:
With beauteous form and ſilver hue,
My whole's confeſs'd an emblem true
Of innocence and love.

XIV.

MY firſt, for ages out of mind,
All men have always worn behind;
And yet 'tis found, in every land,
They carry it upon their hand:
My next, within a cell matured,
Tho' ne'er unwell, is often cured:
My whole, within its myſtic lines,
Black men and white alike confines.

XV.

MY firſt is a term, much like that of an equal:
My ſecond a boy: and a man is the ſequel.

XVI.

XVI.

WHEN travellers talk of their adventures,
My firſt full oft the ſtory enters;
Before each place where they have been,
Conſpicuous 'tis always ſeen.

When ſick, upon your reſtleſs bed,
Languid you lay your aching head,
To do my ſecond you confide
To her who watches by your ſide.

Ye noon-tide ſlumberers, who conſume,
In uſeleſs ſleep, life's faireſt bloom,
Go (if ſuch ſluggards can be ſtirr'd),
And learn a leſſon from my third.

My whole behind my lady ſtands,
Prompt to obey what ſhe commands;
Serves to increaſe the pride of ſtate,
And helps to make a monarch great.

XVII.

HONOUR my firſt: admit me to your ſecond: and let me play upon my whole.

XVIII.

XVIII.

TAKE, for my hea
A piece of lead:
Then liquors ſtrong,
My next's among:
My whole is ſeen,
In cottage mean,
Where peaſants neat
Their breakfaſt eat,
Or children ſup
Without a cup.

XIX.

BORN high above the earth, my firſt
Deſcends, and dwells beneath the duſt:
My ſecond, oft, in days of yore,
To war the Engliſh ſoldier bore;
And taught the foe, on Creſſy's plain,
A long remembrance of its name:
My whole is brilliant, ſoft, and fair,
And has its dwelling in the air;
Seen at a diſtance, charms the eye,
But vaniſhes when you are nigh.

XX.

XX.

WITHOUT my firſt, there's no charade
Can ever poſſibly be made:
Without my next, no pretty laſs
E'er ſaw her features in the glaſs:
My wondrous whole, endow'd with eyes,
Futurity to ſcrutinize,
Scotland may claim, as quite her own,
To every land beſides, unknown.

XXI.

WHAT is my firſt? howe'er you doubt it,
No horſe ſhould have or be without it:
My next preſents a wondrous courſe,
Where boys will beat the fleeteſt horſe:
Whate'er your rank, I ſtill aſſume
The higheſt place in every room.

XXII.

MY firſt each country grocer ſells:
My ſecond every popiſh prieſt:
My whole a well known ſeaſon tells,
By grave divines yclep'd a feaſt.

XXIII.

XXIII.

MY firſt is all diſmal and dark as the night:
My ſecond is clothed in red:
As this for the life of his monarch will fight,
So the other will mourn him, when dead.

My whole is a term, by which we expreſs,
To beggars, our ſcorn and reproach;
And it may be applied, with juſtice no leſs,
To many who ride in a coach.

XXIV.

MY firſt is a line in a ſcience ſublime:
My laſt may you never require:
My whole yields advantage, without toil or time,
And therefore's a thing to deſire.

XXV.

IN the *horrible* phiz my firſt will be ſeen:
My laſt is more prized than a king or a queen:
In the *laughable* phiz my whole ſeldom fails;
Or where affectation o'er nature prevails.

XXVI.

MY firſt is nimble, ſwift, and ſpeedy,
Living, and active, ſprightly, ready:
My ſecond, often, rich and ſhining,
Stands on the table where you're dining;
Sometimes is to your mouth convey'd,
And ſometimes in your pocket laid:
My whole is neither wood nor ſtone,
Nor made of metal, fleſh, or bone;
Yet every morning does the laſs
Behold me in her looking-glaſs.

XXVII.

WHAT my firſt is in France, in Britain you'll find
My laſt is the ſame, but more fix'd and preciſe:
To my whole be all cares and troubles conſign'd,
That have prey'd on the good, or afflicted the wiſe;
For it long has been deem'd a ſpecific to cure
The remembrance of ills that we mortals endure.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

PLEASURE and pain produce my firſt:
My ſecond always turn to duſt:
The death-watch ticking in the night,
The candle's blue and ghaſtly light,
Which ſcare the ſuperſtitious ſoul,
Afford a clue to find my whole.

XXIX.

FULL oft to my firſt the ſhop-keeper reſorts:
My ſecond muſt come upon folks of all ſorts:
Thorns and thiſtles will ſoon all the country control,
Where the huſbandman fails to encourage my whole.

XXX.

MY firſt is a ſleep: my laſt's a relation:
At table, when deck'd, my whole gains a ſtation;
But is always diſplaced, roughly handled, abuſed,
Tho' it ne'er to the meaneſt its ſervice refuſed.

XXXI.

SPEAK of things once poſſeſs'd,
Now no longer retain'd,
A ſhort name ſtands confeſs'd;
My firſt ſyllable's gain'd.

For my next find a place,
Where our navy repair;
When they've ſuffer'd in chaſe
Of a foe they wont ſpare.

For my whole if you wiſh,
When a feaſt you provide,
Aſk of Neptune a fiſh,
Which his waves often hide.

XXXII.

A WEIGHT or meaſure, which you pleaſe,
Will name my firſt with greateſt eaſe:
Leſt you ſhould be with law-ſuits vext,
Let all your bargains be my next:
Some of Rome's ſons, that never marry,
My whole upon their noddles carry.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

MY firſt on the ear, noſe, and tongue, you may
find;
Tho' 'tis often to faſhion applied:
My ſecond vexation creates in the mind,
And it ſhows that the temper is tried:
My whole, for protection and ornament made,
On the faireſt of boſoms is frequently laid.

XXXIV.

MY firſt beware; its ſting may cauſe a ſmart:
In dreſs, my ſecond claims a uſeful part:
If muſic has the power to charm the ſoul,
No doubt you'll be delighted with my whole.

XXXV.

MY firſt's the title of a day,
But prelude to a laſting name:
My ſecond deals out corn and hay;
No ſlave to glory or to fame:
My whole and firſt alliance claim;
Change but the ſex, they're both the ſame.

XXXVI.

MY firſt, in muſic, will appear,
To mark the time, and help the ear:
Complete no ſtable can be reckon'd,
Unleſs 'tis furniſh'd with my ſecond:
My whole, like the famed Trojan horſe,
Contains, within, an armed force;
Ready, at honor's call, t'oppoſe,
With honeſt zeal, their country's foes.

XXXVII.

FIRST, a cupola's frame:
Next, of timber a bit:
Any ſervant then name,
And my whole you have hit.

XXXVIII.

MY firſt is the former of youth, and ſolace of age: my ſecond and my whole have been known to get through my firſt, with equal rapidity, and, perhaps, with equal advantage.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

MY firſt, full many a callous brood,
From heedleſs rage defends:
My next from vapours takes its riſe,
In vapours ſometimes ends.

To form my third, the oar employ;
And, ſhould you miſs my name,
Still farther know, my two, combined,
From one protection claim.

XL.

WITHOUT my firſt you cannot ſtand:
My ſecond, you, ye fair, command:
Together, I attend your will,
And am your humble ſervant ſtill.

XLI.

THAT quiet ſtate which all ſo highly prize:
What often falls, but ne'er was ſeen to riſe:
Will form a check, when join'd in union cloſe,
Our wit to curb, our folly to oppoſe.

XLII.

XLII.

BELOW, my firſt is ſure to be,
Tho' ſomething may be lower ſtill:
Above, my next you'll always ſee,
Yet ſome may higher places fill:
If now you comprehend my whole,
You ſoon have reach'd the wiſh'd for goal.

XLIII.

WHATE'ER the ſchemes mankind purſue,
My firſt ſtill fruſtrates all they do:
My next, when boiſterous billows rave,
May guide us ſafely o'er the wave:
Whether we read old ſongs a ſcore,
Or over books of ſcience pore;
Whether the volume's large or ſmall,
My whole's the quinteſſence of all.

XLIV.

MY firſt addreſſes another: my ſecond ſpeaks of myſelf: and my third of company: my whole is the harbinger of hot weather.

XLV.

XLV.

FOR the firſt take myſelf,
All alone and forlorn;
Tho' a poor little elf,
Pray don't treat me with ſcorn.

Then for ſecond, the voice
Of a bird or a man;
When 'tis form'd to rejoice,
As no quadruped can.

A young female my third,
Who is active and gay;
And as blithe as a bird,
People frequently ſay.

Now theſe three, when conjoin'd,
Make the whole, as you wiſh,
Or your knick-knacks to bind,
Or compoſe a good diſh.

XLVI.

IF to the right I face about,
The firſt I do, without a doubt;

My

My ſecond lives in limpid ſtreams,
Nor ever of ſalt water dreams:
My whole is paid for horſe and hoof
(Unleſs they go bye ways, aloof);
Each cart too pays, whoſe wheels go round,
But man is free, on Engliſh ground.

XLVII.

COME, come, pretty maid, be no longer my firſt,
'Tis prudery's ſanctified puff;
Men had rather with jilts, or with vixens, be curſt,
Than with ſuch hypocritical ſtuff.

But rather, whilſt now, on your beautiful face,
My ſecond all blooming appears,
To ſome honeſt lad of reciprocal grace,
Devote the ſweet prime of your years.

My whole is the emblem of life's fleeting hour,
The offspring of ſun-ſhine and dew:
That whole may adviſe you that beauty's a flower,
Beſt enjoy'd whilſt its bloſſoms are new.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

FIRST a tree from the foreſt I got:
Next I ſent for my couſin,—why not?
Thirdly, ſeating him under its ſhade;
You make Coz, ſaid I, a charade:
For, tack'd to the tree, I proteſt,
A veſſel's true name ſtands confeſt;
Oft fill'd e'en quite up to the brink,
With good things to eat or to drink.

XLIX.

MY firſt the whigs are, and the tories may be:
My ſecond they ſhow to each other:
My whole's a great inſult, which, offer'd to me,
I ſcarcely would bear from my brother.

L.

THE friend whoſe heart's the moſt benign,
Will readily my firſt define:
By thoſe in ſcarlet robes array'd,
My ſecond will be ſeen portray'd:

Fathers,

Fathers, brothers, uncles, couſins,
Had I all of them by dozens,
Would, to the world, my whole proclaim,
For they are every one its name.

LI.

MY firſt is not neceſſary to make my ſecond palatable: my whole is a diſtinguiſhed naval officer.

LII.

WHEN to the banquet we repair,
My firſt we hope to meet with there:
Each individual names my next,
Or good or bad, or pleaſed or vext:
My third a dwelling will imply,
Yielding my firſt a rich ſupply:
Theſe three united (ſad to ſay)
The worſt of principles diſplay;
And what, perhaps, may puzzle more,
Its ſyllables will then be four.

LIII.

LIII.

EXAMINE your dreſs, and my firſt will be found:
My laſt once contain'd all mankind:
For a view of my whole the ſailor looks round,
Then ſtudies his courſe and the wind.

LIV.

TO do my firſt, each beau and belle
Are taught to think is doing well:
But ſhould my ſecond guard your pelf,
From her you've made your ſecond ſelf;
Then peace and happineſs deplore;
My whole ne'er feels their influence more.

LV.

MY firſt is a quadruped, ſportive and gay:
My next by the weary is ſought:
But to practiſe my whole, and feel no diſmay,
Sets pity and goodneſs at nought.

LVI.

MY firſt defends from Sol's fierce beam,
When ſummer flowers their buds unfold;
And, when ſtern Winter reigns ſupreme,
It guards from hail, from rain, and cold.

An honor great it oft confers,
Which many mortals ſeek in vain;
As Fortune, blind, but few prefers,
And only twelve can this obtain.

But ere this right it can poſſeſs,
Its color muſt my ſecond name;
And all the world will then confeſs,
It long has been well known to fame.

A paſſion dire, my whole reveals,
Exciting oft fell Até's rage;
Which man 'gainſt man too often feels,
Which ſtains with blood the hiſtoric page.

LVII.

MON premier aux amans offre un lit de gazon:
Mon ſecond aux dêvots promet un beau ſermon:
Bien où mal à propos, je tiens lieu de raiſon.

LVIII.

LVIII.

MON premier eſt charmant; je voudrois vous
le faire:
Mais, etant mon ſecond, je n'en viendrois à
bout:
Aimer eſt un mal neceſſaire;
Pour être aimé, cela depend du gout.
N'allez pas néanmoins crier O témeraire!
Suſanne, il m'eſt permis de chercher à vous plaire,
Sans meriter mon tout.

LIX.

MON premier doit être béni:
Mon ſecond eſt reſpectable;
Et mon tout eſt ſacré.

LX.

A REPETER, mon premier vous engage:
Mon ſecond d'une ville exprime la pillage:
Quant à mon bout, c'eſt mon dernier,
Multiplié par mon premier.

LXI.

ON traine mon premier:
On cherit mon dernier:
On coupe mon entier.

LXII.

SANS le ſecours de mon premier,
Bientôt mes doigts ſe laſſent du dernier:
Mais pour mon tout, de lui je n'ai que faire
Un couteau, des ciſeaux ſont eux-ſeuls mon affaire.

FIRST COURSE.

I.

Two negatives reverſed, with
one between them—
thus, and aloft.

Remove.

II.

Half a head-dreſs, half a veſſel—
embelliſhed—
4-6ths of inwardly—what
he does who liquifies metals.

VII.

1-4th of a temptation,
greaſed—2-5ths of auſ-
tere, & half a hundred.

X.

A piece of lead, a gam
a liquid letter, 1-4th
a bag—quarrelled.

III.

A noted pound,
3-4ths of a limit—a ſmall
plate curtailed.

VIII.

An inſect, a muſical
note—according to the
faſhion.

IV.

2-3rds of mimic, 3-4ths
of apology—half cold,
the centre of a goddeſs,
ditto, 3-4ths of formerly

XI.

3-4ths of ſilent, a v
—3-4ths of a lyre
a ceremony, and
of a merry go

V.

A ſad dog,
what tragedians often do—
a congelation.

IX.

4-7ths of artifice,
a view—dreſſed as horſes
are.

XII.

Half a garment, t
obtain, ſtrong, and 1-
of a turf.

VI.

An exclamation, 3-5ths of a
kinſman, an aſpiration—
half a Saxon king—3-5ths of
poiſon, myſelf, and a
deſcendant.

DINNER.

SECOND COURSE.

I.

1-5th of a figure,
2-6ths of a brat, a tone in
muſic—to be ſullen
inſerting a letter.

II.

Laſhed—the choiceſt
part—4-5ths of a lure,
ſcolded—half faded—
3-7ths of formal, and
what a menial does.

III.

Rallied—a conſtellation
a pantry changing the laſt letter—
to be in company—
half a globe, and to think.

IV.

3-4ths of movement, to
unite—4-6ths of an
inſect.

V.

Chooſe, conducted—
half a wound,
and to preſs forward.

VI.

Half of a mark of ſervitude
reverſed, half genuine—
fifty, and blockheads.

VII.

An emblem of eternity,
to rove—
half a lake, a noiſe, and
1-3rd of a jewel.

VIII.

A hundred thouſand—
ſevere,
and obſtacles.

IX.

5-7ths of a diſtributor,
1-5th of a ſong—4-5ths
of comfort, half a ſcar,
a creſcent, and pains.

X.

A pulſe, the end of needy
—3-4ths of mottled—a
company beheaded—4-6ths
of faſhion, & half zealous.

XI.

Delicious, ſupport—faſt-
enings that exactly
fit.

XII.

A patriarch—half a
man's name—to bathe
tranſpoſed—4-6ths of
a meaſure, half a whirl-
pool—not out—blows.

XIII.

Part of a honeycomb, 1-3
of a tree, 2-3ds of a grain
half rubbing, a ſilly be
each end of a letter, & ſo

DESSERT.

I.

To mourn,
and part of an eye.

VI.

rds of a falſehood, the
ginning of a ſneer,
d the end of hopes.

XIII.

Half a movement of the finger, 3-5ths of a precious ſtone, the beginning & end of what we all complain of

II.

2-3rds of large,
3-4ths of a haſty ſhower,
fragments beheaded.

IX.

Times ſpecified.

XI.

A bird, 1-3rd of an inſect,
to wander, me, and 2-6ths
of a convoy.

VII.

hs of what is uſed
iring, and half an
ngliſh county.

III.

Myſelf,
half the girdle of a
goddeſs.

XIV.

3-4ths of an iſthmus,
pine-juice, and the laſt
half of great women.

X.

Half a term for an old
woman, and 3-4ths of
a plague.

XII.

Half an edifice, 3-4ths of
a prop, confuſion
changing a letter.

IV.

2-3rds of a ſmall draught,
and half an honorable
badge.

VIII.

lf a bag, and a mea-
e reverſed, and plu-
ralized.

XV.

2-3rds of quick, half a
current, & what ſailors
often ſleep in.

V.

One half of harmony,
and 2-3rds of unity.

REBUSSES,
TRANSPOSITIONS, &c.

I.

SINCE, gentle reader, in this our *Maſquerade*, thou haſt oft ſeen repreſented various characters, —the grave and gay, the lively and ſevere,—lo! now we lead thee to a gallery, where poets and philoſophers, high famed in claſſic page, ſtand ranged before thy admiring view. Full fifteen hundred years have now elapſed, ſince on the world theſe luminaries ſhone. Survey them cloſely; ſcan their hiſtory; avoid their faults, and emulate their virtues.

Behold that figure, reeling from a Bacchanal! —See how his ſwoln eyes and bloated cheeks beſpeak the temper of his body. Hark!—he recites an ode: the honied ſtrains dropped from his pen, while reaſon held poſſeſſion of his mind!

—How ſweet, how elegant the poetry!—But, alas! his ſubject and his ſtate too well agree. Ah! ſhame to ſee ſuch talents ſo abuſed.

Next view the Samian Sage: obſerve his ſtature:—every joint and every limb denotes the ſtrength that he poſſeſſes:—but could his mind be ſeen by mortal eye, 'twould ſeem ſtill more gigantic. Obſerve his dreſs; how ſimple!—Humility his garb, and modeſty his chief adornment!—Altho' his friends would willingly have called him "the Wiſe Man,"—that title he refuſed; and choſe the appellation of "the Friend of Wiſdom."—Great as this teacher was, a little child, in this moſt happy and enlightened land, might teach him wiſdom that he ne'er could reach.—To know futurity, the paſſage of the grave muſt be explored. The ſage's fancy ſoon began the work; and looking through the regions of the dead, to know the ſtate beyond it, brought up the wildeſt of chimeras. In ſenſeleſs reveries he told the world, he recollected that his ſoul did once inhabit the body of another, and ſhould again inhabit other frames.—Here, Reaſon, ſtop!—Here, Wiſdom, deſtitute of Revelation's light, confeſs thy blindneſs,—own thyſelf a fool!

But,

But, lo! the Theban General appears, laden with ſpoils, his brows full crowned with laurel, and his garments red with the ſlaughter of the vanquiſhed foe. What field has witneſſed this great conqueſt, and who are the ſufferers?—Leuctra beheld the fate of Sparta's ſons, and ſtreams of blood defiled her pleaſant plains.

Behold Eunomus' Son, the Sage of Lacedæmon. His lowering aſpect and contracted brows, ſeem indications of the ſanguinary diſpoſition of his mind. His laws forbade the uſe of gold and ſilver, and ſubſtituted braſs:—ſo far 'twas good, to ſtop the progreſs of voluptuouſneſs, and obviate temptations to diſhoneſty;—but Nature ſhrinks, and Cruelty herſelf draws back with horror, when ſhe beholds infants, unſtained with any actual crimes, doomed by unbending policy to premature deſtruction.

Next view the Spartan Sculptor. The rumor of his ſkill had reached the ears of "Philip's warlike ſon:" the conqueror of the world forbade any other hand to carve his martial features on the ſtone. In the great Auguſtine age, his ſtatues' worth was rated at their weight in gold.

But

But ſee the Poet of Salamis; whoſe natal day was uſhered in with ſhouts of victory, and with ſongs of triumph:—when Xerxes and his numerous hoſt ſuſtained a dire defeat, and felt the puniſhment ſo juſtly due to pride and to ambition. No warrior he, yet did his magic verſe obtain the freedom of thoſe Greeks, who groaned beneath the Syracuſan bondage.

Now, to complete this "motley group," ſee, tripping "on the light fantaſtic toe," a Sprightly Damſel. Famed Leſbos gave her birth; but ſhe, more famed for beauty and for wit, has far excelled her ſex in poetry. The happy verſe in which her numbers flowed, ſtill bears her name. But, alas! her breaſt became the ſeat of every luſtful paſſion: and thence the poiſon flowed that tainted all her compoſitions:—elſe were that judgment juſt, that ranked her 'mongſt the Muſes.

Here, reader, pauſe; and call to mind theſe names; of each then take the initials, and in due order range them. Then will appear the Epheſian Artiſt; whoſe excellence of ſkill has far ſurpaſſed the Italian Raphael and the Engliſh Reynolds.

II.

LO! from the gardens comes a blooming band;
A damſel bears them in her beauteous hand;
The captives ſweet a ſilken ſtring confines;
And happy elegance their hues combines.
Bright flowret, firſt, thy bluſhing colors charm,
Akin to thoſe that Beauty's features warm;
Gay blended dies on thy fair petals flame,
And the ſoft mixture ſpeaks thy pleaſing name:
Next, humble flower, appears thy modeſt head,
'Midſt Britiſh woods in ſweet ſecluſion bred;
Yet, for thy worth, amidſt our gardens placed,
And with a name in ſcripture records graced:
Next, brighter thou, tho' raiſed on ſlender ſtem,
Call'd, from thy ſhape, the Star of Bethlehem:
The lowly flowret next, whoſe lovely blue,
The poet's tender ſong oft brings to view:
Next, a ſweet plant, whoſe ſcented leaves exhale
(By thorns protected) an ambroſial gale.
The initials of theſe beauties now combine;
Behold a flower with crimſon honors ſhine;
A ſpicy ſcent its glowing leaves diſpenſe,
Gladden the eye, and gratify the ſenſe;
Its name may in a grateful ſpice be ſought,
To Britiſh ſhores from famed Amboyna brought.

III.

III.

YE rebus wits,
Now mind your hits;
For yours' the taſk
My name to unmaſk:
A fruit we eat,
As ſauce to meat;
And with fiſh too,
That wants a *gout*:
One letter, pray,
Take quite away;
A point of land
You'll underſtand,
Which ſailors dread
Too near their lead,
But when embay'd,
Enjoy its ſhade:
One more letter
Then unfetter,
The thing that's left,
When thus bereft,
Is worn by all,
Both great and ſmall,
From king and queen
To beggar mean.

IV.

IV.

FOUR choſen letters form my name,
Whoſe birth the hemiſpheres may claim:
Initials only we muſt take,
To read, and try what they will make.
Firſt from the Arctic pole I roam,
To ſeek with early Sol a home:
With him I run diurnal race,
To where his ſetting beams I trace:
And laſt of all, my name to cloſe,
With the Antarctic I repoſe.
Theſe letters move and fly about,
To country, city, ball, and rout:
The curious I delight, ſurprize;
Sometimes with truth, ſometimes with lies.
All folks are after me by fits;
I ſet to work their tongues and wits;
What's more, I am allied to Fame:—
Now find me out, and tell my name.

V.

MAKE the juice of a tree, with itſelf to agree,
And the lees of a liquor you ſurely will ſee.

VI.

VI.

TO a thing without which we can none of us live,
For a *maſquerade* dreſs, a new character give:
Thus transform'd 'twill become what tho' cut will ſtill grow,
As the graſs of the field that for cattle we mow:
Now before this again let a mute take its place;
By this change 'tis a thing may the drawing-room grace;
Or ſhould honeſt John Bull wiſh in ſenates to ſhine,
Upon this he muſt reſt, nor the honor decline.

VII.

THE heart of a cat entirely reſcind:
Put the heart of a dog in its place:
Let the front of the terrible tiger of Ind,
The aſſemblage in order embrace.

To this add what years are in haſte to confer;
It will ſomething diſcloſe to your view,
Where poets have ſung of bliſs without care,
Of contentment and pleaſure ſtill new.

VIII.

VIII.

FROM number odd
Cut off the nod:
It then will equal be:
The tail, I pray,
Next take away:
Your mother then you'll ſee.

IX.

IF what's noted for hardneſs you rightly tranſpoſe,
What's as famous for lightneſs you'll ſurely diſcloſe.

X.

ENTIRE, I oft a light diſplay,
May ſerve to guide your lonely way:
One letter gone, I ſafely bind
Whate'er you wiſh to keep confined:
Another loſt, I gently touch;
But never, ſure, can hurt you much.

XI.

A MOUNTAIN's top tranſpoſed aright,
A name for ſongs will bring to light.

XII.

ADORN'D by various ſons of art,
Of houſe or church I form a part;
Or at due diſtance ſtand alone,
To eaſe the labors of a drone:
One letter only take away,
Another thing I ſhall diſplay;
Which helps to faſten what you chooſe,
Your hat perhaps, or elſe your ſhoes:
Of one more limb when I'm bereft,
A certain perſon will be left,
With whom if you a bargain make,
'Tis ſure to be for lucre's ſake.

XIII.

TAKE one end of a liquid, and place it at t'other,
When 'twill inſtantly ſhow what you are to your mother.

XIV.

XIV.

FIND the thing by Pandora entail'd on mankind,
When, on opening her box, only hope ſtaid behind:
Let this word ſtand entire, and before it prefix
Initials fifteen, but no letter e'er mix:
Thus by changing the head, as the principal part,
You may render it various as nature and art:
Firſt I find it form part of a bird in the air;
Then examine a fiſh, and as ſure find it there;
As an eminence now it will rear up its head;
Then the laſt deed of man, as is commonly ſaid;
As a farmer's employment it next will appear;
And a thing to your door you will find very near;
What the doctors oft give, to relieve us from pain;
And a plant we now look for in gardens, in vain;
What I bid my friend do when I give him a toaſt;
And what frequently ſtands on a ſtout wooden poſt;
A ſhort name that's well known in a nurſery ſong;
And what runs through a country for many miles long;
What's the aim of a ſportſman, purſuing his game;
What we ſtyle a neat box, or a townſhip's ſhort name;

And then all your labor will nearly be over;
And a double head's all you have left to diſcover,
For one, being mute, a companion and friend,
Muſt for ever ſtand by, its aſſiſtance to lend,
In revealing what's common to birds & one beaſt;
And whoſe uſe to us ſcribblers is none of the leaſt.

XV.

ONE ray of light divide in twain,
Two perfect words you'll ſee quite plain;
Each the ſame meaning will convey;
Our preſent ſtate they both diſplay.

XVI.

TWO lighteſt things together meet,
To make my little form complete;
I wear the name and dreſs of bird,
Yet like to none upon my word;
Many delight my powers to try,
And uſe their ſkill to make me fly;
At their command I lightly bound,
And, for their ſport, I turn me round.

XVII.

XVII.

REVERSE the higheſt point we know,
You'll ſee the greateſt depth below.

XVIII.

BEHOLD me near yon river's ſide,
And lowly bending o'er the ſtream;
While ſmoothly on its waters glide,
I ſhield it from the noon-day beam.

Near me his bait the angler throws,
In hopes to tempt his ſilvery prey;
For by experience well he knows,
That 'neath my ſhade they love to play.

Reverſed, I'm ſeen to ſcour the plain,
Swifter than fleeteſt greyhounds ſpeed;
Nor can the current's force reſtrain,
For plunging o'er I gain the mead.

Then, proudly leaving foes behind,
I ſeek the covert's lone retreat:
Shunning the haunts of human-kind,
Where nought but treachery I meet.

XIX.

YE ſtreams that grace our native land,
Pour'd copious from your Maker's hand!
Rivers, whoſe broad and ample ſweep
Rolls Britain's treaſures to the deep!
Come, aid the enigmatic ſong;
In myſtic numbers flow along.

Firſt thou, O ſtream, whoſe lengthen'd courſe
From midland Stafford takes its ſource,
Then Derby's ſouthern angle laves,
And rolls through Nottingham thy waves.
Next thou, on whoſe extended tide,
Rich trading fleets in ſafety ride;
'Midſt Britiſh towns, thy port is ſaid
To be the fourth in wealth and trade;
Whence oft thou ſend'ſt a venturous train,
To traffic on the German main.
Next, ſtream renown'd! thy wide-ſpread name,
Connected with great Shakeſpeare's fame;
Leiceſter firſt ſees thy riſing ſpring;
And Warwick hears thy praiſes ring;
Through Glouceſter then thy waters glide,
To rapid Severn's buſy tide.

Next

Next thou, of Lancaſhire the fame;
Whoſe ſeaport glories in her ſhame;
The ties of fleſh and blood diſdains,
Merchant of miſery and chains;
O'er Afric's coaſts wide horror throws,
And loads her purſe with human woes.
Next thou, in name like that fair ſpot,
Where firſt was fix'd man's happy lot;
Thy ſtream reflects fair Carliſle's walls,
Then into Solway's ſalt frith falls.
Next thou, whoſe riſing waters glide
From old Plinlimmon's ſteepy ſide,
And circle, as they flow along,
A place renown'd in Shenſtone's ſong:
Through Glouceſter's fields and ſmiling meads,
Thy fertilizing courſe proceeds;
And Eveſham's temperate valley knows
The bleſſings that thy ſtream beſtows.

The initials of theſe ſix connect,
A river ſee that claims reſpect:
Whoſe lengthen'd courſe ſeven counties laves,
Ere it is loſt in ocean's waves;
Whoſe peopled banks with arts reſound;
Whoſe fleets with victory are crown'd;
Whoſe paſſing ſtream reflects the place,
Where Britain's bard, with Attic grace,

Made

Made the admiring world confeſs
The Grecian Muſe, in Britiſh dreſs.

XX.

THAT fource alone from which all bleſſings flow;
The beſt relief a ſuffering mind can know;
An attribute of man kind nature gave;
What by the loſs of limbs we often ſave;
What truly virtuous men will ever be;
A hateful paſſion we too frequent ſee;
What man is gaining e'en from birth to death;
And what he ſtill remains 'till lateſt breath;
That tranquil ſtate all creatures wiſh to enjoy;
What ſmites bad men, but good will ne'er annoy;
That which reſpect ſhould meet from all degrees;
A duty that with life alone ſhould ceaſe;
And, laſtly, what deſtroys our mental peace:
When all the words here meant you right can chooſe,
Tranſpoſe with care the initials they produce;
A myſtery will then be brought to light,
That's ſoon reveal'd to enigmatic ſight.

XXI.

XXI.

IF a viſage not pleaſant's deprived of its head,
The names of two creatures remain in its ſtead;
One of which may be ſeen on the flowery plain,
The other inhabits old Neptune's domain.

XXII.

A PLACE where good and bad all hope to go;
Another, none would ever wiſh to know;
One who in waſte does all his hours employ;
That mount whence gods beheld the fate of Troy;
A thing all mortal men are born to ſhare;
That which to ſhun is every good man's care;
An ancient token we ſometimes deſcry;
A charm, ſuppoſed to reach beyond the ſky;
And what 'tis ſaid will all things elſe ſupply:
Theſe nine initials, rightly placed, diſcloſe
A dwelling ſacred to ſuch ſweet repoſe,
That, free from noiſy mirth and worldly ſtrife,
Its owner leads a calm unenvied life.

QUERIES.

I.

WHAT word in the Engliſh language is—Revere power?

II.

WHAT claſs of people do I name by ſaying—I cannot improve?

III.

WHY are horſes that draw curricles, like men in priſon?

IV.

HOW can one deſire another to approach, by bidding him—Strike a woman?

V.

V.

WHAT is that, which you may ſafely touch, innocently play with, and put it into your boſom,—but to clip it is certain death?

VI.

WHAT word is that of eight letters, and five the ſame?

VII.

WHY is a blackſmith's apron like the grates of a convent?

VIII.

PRAY tell me, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly favor'd man,
Who, tho' he's married many a wife,
May ſtill live ſingle all his life?

WORDS

WORDS TRANSPOSED.

I. O TIS A MR PIT.

II. O POISON PIT.

III. COMICAL TRADE.

IV. YES MILTON.

V. ADAMS QUEER.

VI. O GRIM NUN.

VII. TIS YE GOVERN.